

Building Monuments to Heroes Is Slow Work



Monument at Washington, D. C., in memory of General U. S. Grant, started 20 years ago and still incomplete.

THOUSANDS of speeches, in which millions of words will be consumed, will be made by patriotic and vote-courting members of the American Congress during the next ten or twenty years on the subject of providing a suitable national monument or memorial for the hero or heroes of the recent World War.

If Congress and the public run true to historic form, General John J. Pershing will be a decrepit old man away up in the nineties, and the husky youngsters who were with him in France will be grizzled old grandpaps by the time the foundation is commenced for a national monument commemorating their heroic deeds. There is first-class precedent for the expression of such doleful-sounding prophecy.

Comparatively few persons realize that one hundred and two summers and winters came and went between the time of the selection of a site for the Washington Monument and its final dedication.

The immortal Abraham Lincoln has been dead for more than half a century, yet it will not be until some time next winter that the beautiful memorial, erected by congressional appropriation in honor of his memory at Washington, D. C., will be fully completed and opened to the public.

Twenty years ago congressional action was taken to provide a national monument to General Ulysses S. Grant. It is alleged that it may be entirely finished about midway between next Thanksgiving and Christmas.

The Washington Monument is the only structure of its kind on the



J. B. EVANS,

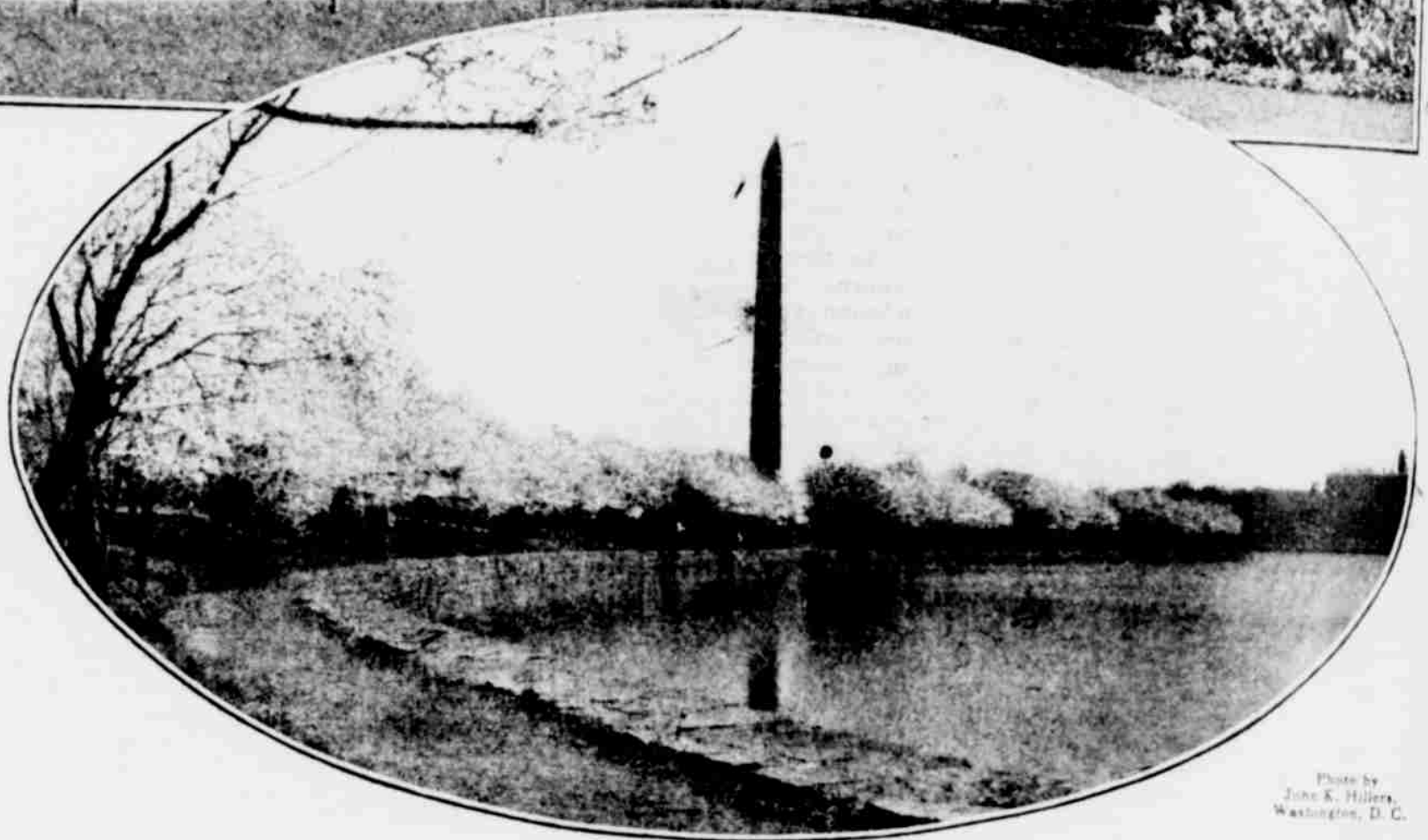
Who has operated the elevator in the Washington Monument for 42 years.

Western Hemisphere. It cost \$1,187,710.31. Of this amount \$300,000 was raised by popular subscription, the remainder being appropriated by Congress.

Many of the suffragette ladies of the present period are occasionally inclined to argue that women have never been permitted adequately to share responsibilities until the vote was accorded them. It must be just a bit surprising to recall that almost ninety years ago such ladies as Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. John Quincy Adams and Mrs. James Madison served on a committee to raise funds for the building of the Washington Monument.

Despite the fact that the Washington Monument is owned by the people of the United States, it is only about once in ten years that it is possible to run across a person who knows the name of the man who designed the monument. His name was Robert Mills.

From the bottom of the foundation to the extreme tip the shaft measures 592 feet. Its actual height above ground is 555 feet, four inches. The weight of the monument, including the foundation, is 81,120 tons.



View of the Washington Monument, taken when the famous Japanese cherry trees were in bloom.

More than 23,000 marble blocks were used in its construction. The masonry is declared to be second to none in the world.

The interior of the monument is so large that 12,000 persons could easily be in it at one time. The landings will accommodate 7,675; the stairs, 3,845; the upper and lower platforms, 450, and the elevator, 30.

The stairway is made up of 900 steps, and many people test their legs and lungs by walking up and down.

Harry Eland, the well-known Washington representative of the *Wall Street Journal*, is the only living person who jumped over the top of the monument. This notable incident occurred just prior to the dedicatory services in 1885. Mr. Eland, who was then a cub reporter on the *Washington Post*, climbed up the scaffolding and leaped over the aluminum cap surmounting the peak of the shaft, acrobatically landing on the dizzy scaffolding on the other side. Those who have the pleasure of knowing the sedate Mr. Eland today can scarcely realize that he ever performed such a daring prank. But such is the stuff of which good cub reporters are made.

An average of about 200,000 persons from every state in the Union, and all countries of the world, ascend to the top of the monument every year. About one-fourth of this number insist upon making the trip by the stairway route; the others prefer the elevator.

A great many people are under the erroneous impression that a fee is charged to go up in the monument. That is not true. The Washington Monument is government-owned property and is absolutely free to

the public from nine o'clock in the morning until half past four in the afternoon.

One of the most remarkable and interesting features to be found at the monument is Mr. J. B. Evans, who has been operating the elevator every day for the past 42 years. Rain or shine, hot or cold, Mr. Evans is always on the job. If his up and down travels during all those years had been straight ahead they would have covered a distance of more than 82,000 miles, or more than three times around the world.

All possible care is exercised to avoid accidents to the public. Before starting the elevator each morning a corps of capable mechanics carefully inspect every part of the machinery. Twice each week the safety appliances are thoroughly tested. In addition to these inspections, the experts of a casualty company make a monthly examination of all machinery.

Various suggestions have been made since the signing of the armistice, almost two years ago, as to what would be the best plan for a World War memorial. Many are in favor of an artistic bridge across the Potomac River connecting the Lincoln Memorial and the Arlington National Cemetery. A marble memorial building or a huge monument has been suggested by others.

Inasmuch as the people of every state in the Union will eventually, through indirect taxation, have the pleasure of contributing to the cost of a national monument, it would seem quite proper for people everywhere to communicate their views upon the subject to the Congressman from their district.

There's nothing like having a wide range of views on nation-wide subjects of that character.

Why Do We Say?

Peanut Politics.—A queer denizen of the vegetable world is the peanut plant, for it buries its pods underground after they have flowered. The fruit, thus concealed, matures in darkness. Politics that is not open and aboveboard has therefore been often compared to the peanut.

Stump the State.—In the early days when our country was still a fledgling, political campaigners did not speak from Pullman cars or from automobiles of the high-powered type, or of any kind. Instead they traveled from town to town, from crossroads to crossroads, and usually addressed the crowds out in the open. They did not care what sort of a stage or platform might be provided for them; frequently the stump of a tree that had been felled served admirably as a substitute.

Of course, the way to "stump the state" was to

make a lot of oratorical flights which the people dubbed "stump speeches." Now the stumps are no more, but the phrase has survived. This year, 1920, has already ushered in a fearful epidemic of "stumping" from auditoriums or halls, railroad cars, and autos. Even the soap box exhorter may come back.

Political Machine.—A machine does not think; when the power is applied, it acts. A political machine is an organization of partisans that distributes "the pie" to those on the "inside" and to those persons who will take orders without asking too many questions; it controls dishonestly and grinds without heed to groans. The term was coined long ago by Aaron Burr who, believing himself a victim, fiercely denounced "the machinery of the party."